SONGS FROM APPLEDORE

BY OSCAR LAIGHTON

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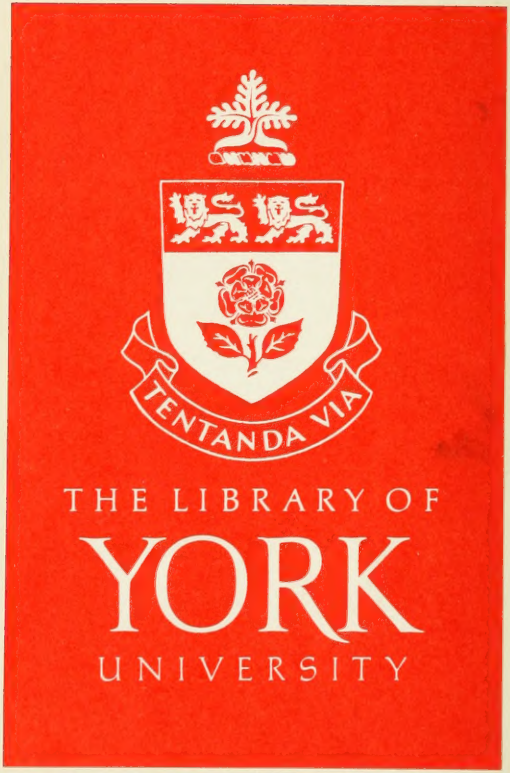
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Greetings from

Oscar Laighton

January 15th 1915.

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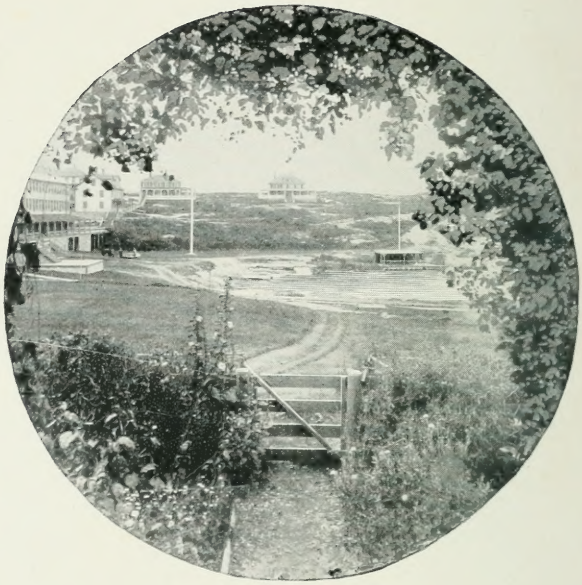

VIEW FROM MRS. THAXTER'S GARDEN GATE

SONGS
FROM APPLEDORE

BY

OSCAR LAIGHTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

SINCE sleep sails far away when the heart is full of such sweet longing, I will venture to write you, dear, while the dew is yet falling and only the first rays of the dawn dare look with rosy light in your sacred window.

The Islands are still sleeping in the embrace of the quiet Ocean, though the glory of the uprushing Sun begins to gild the eastern cliffs of Appledore with ineffable splendor, and paint the sea and sky in ever changing shades of celestial color!

Oh, the radiant happiness that comes with the advancing day! Wild roses fill the enchanted air with delicate fragrance, and the sparrows sing as if they had but one moment in which to crowd the whole rapture of the morning!

Here, where the sea encircles the wave-

washed shore like a caressing hand, and the murmur of the water reaches me with almost the sweetness of your dear voice, I will tell you how much I love you.

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SONG

Awake! the morning greets the world
With radiant sunshine on the deep!
While ships go by with sails unfurled
Are thy dear eyes still closed in sleep?

Listen, Sweetheart, I love thee dear,
Behold this magic of the dawn!
O, life is sweet when thou art near,
My day grows dark when thou art gone.

Come thou with me, my morning Star!
These rays that on thy window shine
Carry my trembling hope afar
Some day, my Sweet, to call thee mine.

Trap Dike, Appledore.

ROCKS AT APPLEDORE

SONG

Sweet wind that blows o'er sunny Isles
The softness of the sea,
Blow thou across these moving miles
News of my love to me.

Ripples her hair like waves that sweep
About this pleasant shore;
Her eyes are bluer than the deep
Round rocky Appledore.

Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray
Soft kissed by early light:
I dream she is the dawn of day
That lifts me out of night!

STAR ISLAND AND THE "OCEANIC" FROM APPLEDORE

SONG

Warm blows the south wind over Appledore!
The northern gales that whirled the winter main
In leagues of foam, rage round these Isles no more;
Through melting haze summer drifts north again.

And thou art here — O, radiant is the day!
The clover blooms, our lonely Isles grow fair,
Soft sunshine falls across the slumbering bay,
The sparrow's song fills the enchanted air.

Sweet, when you turn your lovely eyes on me
I feel the winter's sorrow disappear,
As dawn divine makes glad a storm-swept sea!
You are my Sun, my Song, my Summer, Dear.

THE OLD CHURCH ON STAR ISLAND

SONG

The clover blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet.
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest.
I'm jealous of its arms of gold,
O, that these arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair.
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by, —
O dearest! love me, or I die.

CELIA THAXTER'S COTTAGE

A CORNER OF MRS. THAXTER'S PARLOR

AT SUNSET

Come thou with me, dear love, and see the day
Die on the sea, and o'er the distant land
This last faint glow of twilight fade away,
The while I hold in mine thy gentle hand.

The lessening light gleams on yon leaning sail;
Slowly the sun has sunk beyond the hill,
And sombre night in silence draws her veil
Over us two, and everything grows still,

Save when the tide, with constant ebb and flow
Of wandering waves that greet the steadfast shore
Flashes fair forms of foam that falling throw
Their arms of snow round lovely Appledore.

View from the Southeastern Point of Appledore.

AT SUNSET

Faint, like a dream, comes the melodious cry
Of far-off wild fowl calling from the deep,
The rosy color leaves the western sky,
Over the waves are spread the wings of sleep.

Silent a meteor falls into the night
Sweeping its silver shower across the stars;
Low down Arcturus sinks with waning light,
High in the east climbs up the shining Mars.

And whispering by us with a silent kiss
Comes the sweet south wind o'er the slumbering sea.
Thou dearest, can such perfect joy as this
Be always mine, to drift through life with thee?

THE LANDING AT APPLEDORE

HER SHAWL

Dearest, where art thou? In the silent
room
I find this wonder of some foreign loom,
Thy silken shawl, whose lines of loveliness
The matchless beauty of thy form caress.
Delicate raiment, shall I dare infold
All these warm kisses mid thy threads of
gold?
Oh, hold them close her icy heart above,
Melting its winter into summer's love!
Beneath her coldness fonder still I grow,
As violets bloom along the edge of snow.
Through my sad heart there drifts a hope
divine,
O'er seas storm-swept shall softer mornings
shine;
So love may dawn for me while at thy feet
I wait, and kiss thy garment's hem, my
sweet.

White Island.

Stoneface, Star Island

TO MARY

Sweet are these flowers, yet Mary is more fair;
Shaded with goldenrod her sun-kissed hair.
I look in her blue eyes and can forget
The Heaven reflected in this violet —
Or, sweeter still, behold the lovely grace
Of this fair dawn of roses in her face
Fresh as the first anemones that swing
Their tinted petals in the winds of Spring.
O storms of life, that bend us all like reeds,
Spare this dear lily blooming o'er the weeds!
O time, that all her unknown future holds,
Make soft the gales while this sweet bud unfolds,
So she may grow like wild flowers in our land,
Pure as these blossoms in her gentle hand.

MISS UNDERHILL'S CHAIR, STAR ISLAND

SONG

A STORM is gathering in the air,
The gulls fly high in circles wide,
Deep murmurs usher in the tide
That foams o'er rocks all brown and bare.

These Precious Isles are rough and fast,
And swept by many a northeast gale
That rends the bolt rope from the sail,
And breaks in twain the groaning mast!

O love, my heart is like the sea,
Surging with every gale that blows,
Longing for winds that bring the rose,
The happy summer-time and thee.

THE CHILDREN'S POND AT APPLEDORE

ALICE PIERREPONT

Above her grave the sparrow sings
With radiant joy, summer is near,
Fresh hope the lovely south wind brings;
Oh, could it wake you, Alice, dear!
Once more I see her matchless grace
Through tears I cannot yet restrain;
Dear visions of her blessed face,
I hear her gentle voice again!
O memory of a woman sweet,
So true, so beautiful and brave,
Let me draw near with reverent feet
And lay these wild flowers on thy grave,
The first anemones that sway
Their blossoms in the winds of May.

HAULING UP THE BOATS FOR THE WINTER

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